

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

NEW SERIES | Volume 31, | No. 222.

NEW YORK: SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1884.

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At the Theatres.



The Blue and the Grey, Elliott Barnes' national melodrama, was produced Monday night at Niblo's Garden. The audience was small but excitable, and it received the patriotic big talk, the broad comedy and the martial episodes of the piece with unconcealed enjoyment. The scenery and the cast were exceptionally good, care and money having been expended by Shook and Collier and Poole and Gilmore on the production.

War plays are dangerous experiments. The general feeling now both North and South is to forget the strife that has long been forgiven. People do not wish to revive old memories that are painful and saddening. When the Rebellion has become in truth a more matter of history, when the men who participated in it have passed away forever, when a new generation has supplanted them which can review the horrors of the conflict without the emotion bred of personal connection with it, then perhaps a drama of this sort can be presented with even chances of success. The Blue and the Grey is a piece that is designed to take up old animosities and lay bare old sores. It gives an exaggerated picture of Northern patriotism and it brings forward no vestige of Southern chivalry and valor. The "Blue" is marked by spread-eagles and flamboyant bombast; the "Grey" is typified by brutality, treachery, cowardice and falsehood. Perhaps in some remote Vermont or New Hampshire village, where progress is dead and prejudice flourishes, where the report of the guns that boomed in Charleston harbor over twenty years ago is still echoing, there may be people who would enjoy the recollections stirred up by Mr. Barnes' drama, but there are few if any in this section of the country who could contemplate the cause that revives them with any other feeling than that of disgust. The enthusiasm that prevailed in Niblo's Monday evening was aroused simply by the dramatic phases of the play and the realistic manner in which the troops of soldiers fought and maneuvered. Had the contending forces been Zulus, Turks, Egyptians or Russians the effect would have been precisely the same. Drums, files and mimic alarms of war always stir the souls of the spectators, for there is in them all a martial instinct which is gratified by the superficial glitter of military strife.

The story may be related in brief lines. The first act opens in a New England village. News of the breaking out of the Rebellion arrives. Mark Stanley marches off with his company of Massachusetts boys to the seat of war, leaving behind his mother, sister and aged grandfather. The second act finds Stanley installed in the house of the guerilla leader, Colonel Peyton, and doing the gallant to the rebel's fair daughter, Ruth. In the next act, which shows the camp of Stanley's company, Peyton, who has been captured, is awaiting death. By the aid of a spy he escapes beyond the Union lines. Through a combination of circumstances Stanley is suspected of having assisted the guerilla's flight, but Ruth shields the man who loves her and whom she loves by taking the blame upon herself. Then the Federal camp is attacked and the air is filled with the reports of cannon and musketry, and the boys in blue are completely routed by Peyton and his forces. The Colonel is about to shoot Stanley, who has been taken prisoner, but Ruth again intercedes in his behalf and Peyton allows the Captain to go, after extracting promises from both his daughter and Stanley that they will never see each other again while he lives. Years elapse. Peyton dies and Ruth comes to the New England village and her lover just in time to play the good angel and save the Stanley's farm from foreclosure under a mortgage held by a villainous skinflint who loves the Captain's sister and pinches the shoe out of revenge for his rejection by her. There is a plenty of comedy introduced, shared among a conventional Dutch sergeant, an Irish corporal and an aged plantation negro.

The central interest, the love triangle of Ruth and Stanley, is strong, and it held the somewhat disjointed episodes of the piece firmly together. If the banquette speeches were excised, and the comedy put through a refining process, the drama would be vastly bettered. The climaxes to the acts are all effective, particularly that after the escape of Peyton, where Ruth makes a sacrifice to save her lover. The battle scene is arranged and carried out on a realistic scheme. There are hand-to-hand encounters, bayonet charges, the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry. The detonations were loud, however, for they frightened nervous women and almost split the ears of everybody. The explosions should be toned down.

The cast was very good. Lizzie Hudson, a

niece of Manager Collier, acted Ruth with admirable simplicity and rare feeling. She is a charming actress. Joseph Whiting acted Stanley manfully, but he seemed to be wanting in force and intensity where both were required of him. Horace Vinton as the guerilla chief, Peyton, looked the part but acted it badly. Dan Maginness was very amusing as the Corporal, Dennis Fagan, and he sang the old song, "Whiskey, You're the Devil," with an unctuous swing that brought down the house. George Thompson was funny as the Dutchman. Old Josh, the plantation hand, was capably acted by Charles Bradshaw, whose dialect is the best we have heard. John Mathews had quite a long part, a hard-fisted New England squire, and he played it excellently. D. C. Anderson was extremely explosive as Grandfather Stanley, a veteran of 1812. Virginia Buchanan and Netta Guion had small parts, which they did acceptably.

Some of the scenery—particularly the sets of Mazanovich—was very beautiful. A band of jubilee singers warbled a few plantation hymns in pleasing style, and a large number of supernumeraries represented the Federal soldiers and Rebel guerillas. Probably The Blue and the Grey will succeed, for its story and its mis-en-scene have the elements of popularity.

A large audience assembled at Tony Pastor's on Monday night to greet Lizzie Evans on her metropolitan debut as a star. C. E. Callahan's play, Fogg's Ferry, was acted by a good company. The author has improved the play since it was presented at the old Park Theatre by Minnie Muddern a few years ago. Miss Muddern did not make a success of the leading rôle, Chip, a ferry-girl with tomboy propensities. We will not bore the reader with a recital of the plot. In the last act the ferry-girl is discovered to be a grand lady—the daughter of a real live Judge. Miss Evans acted Chip with bounce and abandon. The audience were delighted with her caperings—especially the gallery, which was moved to boisterous enthusiasm. In scenes calling for pathos, however, the little woman was not so successful. But she made a hit all the same. In a single season this lady has become a successful soubrette star. Miss Evans responded to two recalls, and received one horticultural tribute. She is prettier than any of her pictures on wall or in window.

Of the support, Henry Scharf, as Zebulon Fogg, the ferryman, was excellent. His make-up as a bronzed waterman was a fine stage picture. Mrs. J. R. Healey, as Mrs. Fogg, a shrewish old woman, did good work, making the character stand out prominently. As Gerald White, the ferry-girl's lover, A. S. Phillips was very acceptable. His voice is rather deep for so light a part. George W. Deyo was stiff and stagey as Bruce Rawdon, the polished villain. Charline Weidman played a husband-hunting maiden—uncertain age and corkscrew curls—very cleverly. All in all, Miss Evans is well supported. The stage settings were excellent. The season is for two weeks, with the privilege of extension.

Sydney Rosenfeld's burlesque, Well-Fed-Dora, was performed for the first time in New York at the Fifth Avenue on Monday night. It is silly and stupid. A travesty to be palatable must have plenty of brightness and fun. Mr. Rosenfeld's concoction has neither the one nor the other. The choice of Sardou's play as a subject was a piece of foolishness, for Fedora is not the sort of work that can be effectively burlesqued. It might be worked into a twenty-minute afterpiece for a minstrel show, but it makes a very light-waisted two-hours-and-a-half performance. The dialogue is insane, and the puns with which it is sprinkled are more atrocious than any yet perpetrated within the range of our observation. The new verses coupled to old songs throughout the entertainment are ridiculous. The whole affair is an insult to the spectators' intelligence, and we are surprised that Rosenfeld, who has done some clever work in other directions, should produce a piece so utterly unworthy of his talents as this.

The acting was on a par with the text. George K. Fortescue utterly failed to suggest Fanny Davenport in the rôle of the princess, although it was claimed that his performance would be an amusing travesty of that great impersonation. Mr. Fortescue is a curiosity in the matter of obesity, but even in this respect he falls short of the fat girls exhibited in the dime museums. In every conceivable manner the changes are rung on his cow-like proportions, but it is a limited field for mirth and soon grows excessively wearisome. Mr. Fortescue sings badly, dances clumsily, and cannot act at all, let alone mimic, with appropriate exaggeration, the peculiarities of Miss Davenport. To those that have seen the latter in Fedora he is entirely inadequate; to those who have not witnessed the performance he is wearisome to a degree. The only resemblance he bears to the original is in the matter of costuming. His dresses are exaggerated duplicates of Miss Davenport's. The company surrounding the star is capable only in spots. Carrie Godfrey, who does the Countess, has a splendid soprano voice, which she manages cleverly. Several of her songs were redemanded. Hettie Tracy, as Sirieux, was graceful and pretty, but her songs should be cut out or given to somebody else. She cannot sing. The most successful work of the evening was done by Edward P. Temple, as Leggs. He is by long odds the best actor in

the party. A very efficient comedian of the cast-iron type, Frank M. Wills, was obtrusive as Gretch, the detective. A large chorus, with the prettiest girls ever gathered together, was one of the redeeming features of the performance. They were beautifully clad in evening gowns—a mixture of tights and French Directory, and their movements and marches arranged by Mr. Madin, were pleasing. The scenery was handsomer than that shown in the Fedora production at the Fourteenth Street last Fall.

Tony Pastor has had many fine specialty companies under his lead during past traveling seasons, but the present one, which opened at the Grand Opera House on Monday, is the best of all. Harry Le Clair and W. J. Russell opened the programme with a laughable sketch, in which the former personated several female characters. Silvo, the equilibrist, did some marvellous balancing feats. The refined St. Felix Sisters appeared in songs, dances and medleys. Frank and Lillian White gave a clever act, entitled Papa's New Coachman. Tony Pastor next sang a budget of ditties in his own inimitable fashion. The Martens, the clever ventriloquist Duncan, Tills' Marionettes, the Four Roses and the acrobatic Ganelles appeared in the rest of the programme, which ended with a comical farce, Hushell's Bad Boys, in which the funniest members of the troupe were seen. The next attraction here will be Barry and Fay in Irish Aristocracy.

Ada Gray drew a good-sized audience to the Third Avenue, Monday evening, where she appeared in the always popular East Lynne. Of Miss Gray's Lady Isabel and Madame Vine we have spoken hitherto in words of commendation. The impersonation is powerful, and probably the character has no better illustrator on the stage. Miss Gray is supported by an efficient company. The Barbara Hare of Adelaide Langdon is capital, and Miss Duffield is good as Joyce. J. W. Thompson played Carlyle admirably. The other parts were satisfactorily acted. This is the last week of Miss Gray's season. Next Monday Miss Claxton will appear here as Louise in the Two Orphans.

Lady Clare was greeted by a large house at the People's on Monday night and the company, which we have had frequent opportunity to notice recently, was well received. There is a certain incongruity in the Wallack party acting on the Bowery, but it never appeared before a more appreciative assemblage than that of Monday evening.

The success of May Blossom at the Madison Square is unvarying. The houses are uniformly large, and the play is thoroughly enjoyed by the audiences. It is one of the best acted pieces we have seen, and the prosperity attending it is well deserved.

Dan's Tribulations at the Comique is closing the second month of its run, and yet there is no palpable decrease in the attendance. When doubtfulness exists as to the desirableness of visiting other places of amusement, it is safe to turn to Harrigan and Hart's with the assurance that a jolly evening may be spent with them and their capital company.

Popular prices have been adopted at the Star for the run of The Pulse of New York. The melodrama appears to please the spectators, and the scenery is especially the occasion of surprise and delight. A play is seldom better acted than Mr. Morris', and there is little doubt that it will finish the three weeks' engagement to a succession of good houses.

Random Shot at the Comedy will give place next week to Gus Williams in his new comedy called Captain Mishler. The company have been rehearsing for several days past and they agree with Mr. Williams that it is the most promising piece he has thus far attempted.

The Wages of Sin has unmistakably caught the town. The business at the Fourteenth Street Theatre has far exceeded the expectations of Messrs. Maubury and Overton, and they are consequently in high feather over their success. Mr. Harvey's drama is exceedingly powerful and the cast illustrating it is equal to the requirements of their parts.

The Musical Mirror.

Success still attends Falka at the Casino. The houses are invariably large and the glittering, glamorous production is enjoyed visually as well as orally. On Sunday night the auditorium was crowded, and the concert proved to be one of the best of the season. Aimee made her last appearance prior to leaving for Europe, and captivated the audience by her *Adieu* rendering of some *chansonnettes*. Addie Cora Reed gave "The Message" and the polonaise from "Mignon," and Aronson's capital band played a varied programme of popular selections. Part of these were rendered from the upper pavilion. The roof garden was crowded, the temperature being such as to make the breezes aloft refreshing.

Madam Piper has been amended in places where betterment was needed, and it now plays smoothly. No amount of fixing will make Cheever Goodwin's book a brilliant one, but the changes are such as tend to improve it

and inject a modicum of fun into the dialogue. Mr. Morse's music is really very pretty, and no fault can be found with the sumptuous manner in which the piece has been cast and mounted by Mr. Messinger. The scenery and the dresses are superb. The acting of Messrs. Howson and Messinger is genuinely comic and the singing of Misses Vaughn, Pranger and Delaro is pleasing. There is no reason why Madam Piper, with a new libretto, should not, after it has run its course at Wallack's, be equipped for travel and sent out with every prospect of success.

Bluebird continues to draw potently at the Bijou. It will be sent off to other cities by-and-by, and then the management will bring forth Alladin, another piece of the same order, on a grander scale. They find that pure burlesque is more attractive than opera comique; for it is within the capabilities of their company, while the other is not. Bluebird was an experiment. It has proved so unexpectedly successful that the Bijou will no doubt hereafter become the permanent home of burlesque.

The Gay Capital.

PARIS, May 7, 1884.

The great Verdi has written a new opera, called Otello, which he considers the crowning effort of his life, and it will soon be produced. The story is based on Otello, which the immortal William borrowed from the Italians, and then, after inserting a vein of comedy, adopted it as original. The music is said to be wonderful, and the "Ave Maria," which Desdemona warbles in the last act, just before she is pillowed, is pronounced by those who have heard it to be a rare gem.

The Joli Gilles is the title of a new comic opera by Ferdinand Poise and Charles Moussiet, which is now in rehearsal and will soon be brought out at the Opera Comique. Winter has been lingering in the throats of most of the opera singers in the city, and bad colds are exceedingly fashionable. Our little daisy, Van Zandt, is luxuriating on a diet of milk and Vichy water, and preparing for a hearing on the 16th of the libel suit which she has brought, in the Eighth Chamber of the Corrections Tribunal, against that bold, bad newspaper correspondent, J. H. Haynie. She claims that he has gone over to the enemy, and that when Nevada departed from the Opera Comique Mr. Haynie reported the occurrence in a manner that was neither complimentary nor truthful. It will be an exceedingly cold day when either Van Zandt or Nevada gets left on the advertisement business, and in this respect, as well as in their singing, they do credit to our country. They each have a large following among the Americans, although Van Zandt for a long time was the acknowledged superior; but since Mrs. Mackey has made a convert and a protégé of Nevada, the latter has been adopted by the ultra-fashionables, and the former left to the tender mercy of such commonplace individuals as your correspondent.

Madame Boniface is again the attraction at the Bouffes, and will reach the one hundredth performance on the 13th inst. The *Figaro* says as follows: "Of all the operas produced during the past season, this is unquestionably the best. The music of Lacombe is charming, and Théo is always sweet, artistic and attractive." Your citizens will have the opportunity of hearing this opera in both French and English during the coming Winter, as Maurice Grau will bring it out in the former language, and Linn and Co. have the American right to produce it in English.

La Bianca was brought out as promised at Versailles, and, as predicted, was a flat failure. Most of the papers, notwithstanding the special train, dropped it with a few lines. The plot was before given in part; it ends by the son becoming cognizant of the fact that his pa is a stranger to him, and at this he becomes annoyed at his ma, who sooner than prove an obstacle to his happiness takes a cup of cold pizen, and so makes the good old-fashioned ending made so familiar in Odette and the hundred other kindred pieces. "The boys" took advantage of the free excursion and went to the performance, where they simply "raised Cain"; they threw spit-balls, yelled down the actors, and committed all sorts of atrocities; so much was this the case, that neither play nor actors had the ghost of a chance, and the fourth act could only be understood from the pantomime of the performers, as not a word could be heard. The sympathies of the Parisians are decidedly with Sara, and they took this exceedingly forcible manner of expressing their dislike to poor Mollie. However, it may be that Miss Colombier does not require our sympathy, as she is persisting in her original intention of taking the play all over France. She is now at Lyons with her company, and goes from there to Marseilles. The scandalous success of Marie Colombier's book, "Sarah Harnum," has led an anonymous writer to publish a pamphlet entitled "Nana, Judith, Lolo and Co.," the morals of which, however, are so atrociously indelicate that all of the printed copies which could be found were seized by the police. Judie, who has been giving Mam'zelle Nitouche with her customary success, was suddenly called to Monte Carlo, where her husband, Emile Judie, has been seriously ill for some time past with a complication of phthisis and diabetes; but he died before she reached him. He was forty-one years of age and bore the reputation of being a faithful husband of a true wife. They have had several children—two sons and one or two daughters. Judie owes her success almost entirely to the skillful management of her husband. When he married her, very young, she had \$12 a month at the Gymnase, whilst he had \$60 in a drygoods shop. He secured a place for her to sing at the Eldorado and afterward at the Bouffes, which insured their fortune. To-day she is the chief Parisian

favorite, and is known by sight to almost everyone in the city. The Variétés have just on La Vie Parisienne, as it is not at all likely that Judie will play again this season.

Cannot did not prove the anticipated success at the Ambigu, and the director had no object in view to discover it. He wished to withdraw the opera at once, but was persuaded to permit it to remain on the boards for a short time longer. It will be followed by the evening of the *Comédie Française* Summer play, and Summer plays have means just one-half of the regular Winter ones, a fact which might be improved with advantage upon your actors and managers. After the Orphans have had their run they will be followed by the *Comédie Française*. The one hundred nights of La Bianca and Camille brought in \$25,500 francs, or say \$17,000—which is not "all bad." Donnez sent a present to each of the actors and actresses as a memento of the run; but he could not afford it out of the royalty he has received. The whole of the indemnity of one hundred thousand francs which M. Bonheur was sentenced to pay to the *Comédie Française* has not yet been acquired. There still remains a balance of sixty thousand francs, of which one-half is now due and unpaid. The agent of the *Comédie Française* charged with the duty of demanding her, passed the lady to the gate of her residence in the Avenue de Villiers. A "distinguished personage," it is said, then interfered and requested the administration of the theatre to cease its pursuit. The request was complied with, but there is much ill-feeling against Sarah at the *Comédie*.

Trois Femmes pour un Mari, which has been adapted, and was to have been produced at your New Park Theatre, under the title of Nice and Warm, still holds the boards at the Cluny and will run all year. This is one of the great successes of the season.

M. Sellenick, the leader of the famous band of the Garde Républicaine, is to be retired in account of his advanced age. His figure is one that has been well known in Paris for twenty years past, and his name has been constantly mentioned in the press in connection with the excellent effects produced by his musical genius. M. Sellenick came to Paris in 1855, and became leader of the band of the Voltigeurs of the Guard in 1855. He was throughout the Franco-German war, was taken prisoner at Metz, and returned to this city to become leader of the band of the Second Legion of the Garde Républicaine. When both bands of the Garde were consolidated he was given supreme command. Under his training this body of musicians became one of the finest in the world. He has composed innumerable marches, waltzes and polkas, and a number of comic operas.

Coquelin aîné, of the *Comédie Française*, has just delivered a lecture, at the Salle des Capucines, on Béranger. His object is to enlist public interest in the erection of a statue of the poet in the Square du Temple. Subscriptions will not be taken up, however, until the 24th inst., when a splendid matinee entertainment is to be given at the Trocadero in aid of the work. On this occasion all the leading artists from the various Parisian theatres will appear.

The formation of the new joint-stock company to control the Eden Theatre has been completed. The present capital is 600,000 francs, all of which has been subscribed. The largest stockholder is M. Paul Clèves, formerly the manager of the Porte St. Martin Theatre, who will be the director for six years, the duration of the articles of incorporation. Every description of spectacle is to have access to the theatre, and matinees are to be frequently given. The new management will begin on June 1. A new opera by Henry Litolf, the author of the overture of Les Girondins, La Boite in Pandora, and Héloïse et Abailard, is in preparation at the Grand Opera. It is entitled Les Templiers. Anton Rubinstein has finished his concert at Copenhagen, where he was treated with much distinction by the Queen, and received from the King the Cross of a Commander of the Order of the Danebrog. Theodore Wachtel appeared at the Berlin Opera House on Thursday, in the Postillon of Longjumeau, the title part of which he sang on that day for the 90th time. The Bohemian composer, Smetana, residing in Prague, has suddenly become insane, and has been removed to a lunatic asylum. The opera of Antony and Cleopatra, by Count Wittgenstein, has been accepted by the Vienna Court Opera, and will soon be produced. Mme. Bernhardt and her company will commence an engagement this evening in Brussels to last four nights. She will appear in La Dame aux Camélias and Frou-Frou. The new tenor, Signorette, lately engaged by the Theatre Italien will make his appearance to-morrow night in Ernani. Victorien Sardou has been elected a municipal councillor at Marley. He is extremely popular amongst his village neighbors whom he has dubbed "Les Bons Villages." Salvini has expressed his opinion of Henry Irving that he is admirable but not great, and that no man living could play Otello with those lips. Signor Scambati, the finest pianist of Italy, has come to Paris, and will personally superintend the rendering of some of his own compositions. The Alcazar d'Ete and Concert des Ambassadeurs have been reopened for the season. Iphigénie, the tragedy by Racine, is to be revived at the Theatre Français. Ballo in Maschera will be produced next week at the Theatre Italien. The Baller Gardens, where the students hold their celebrated balls, opened on the first instant.

The echoes from the boulevards are:
"How old do you think that actress is?"
"Thirty-five."
"Impossible!"
"I assure you I cannot be mistaken, for I have heard that that was her age at least a hundred times during the past twenty years."
An American who boasts of his Norman lineage was showing to a friend his gallery of portraits which he had purchased from the *Comédiens*:
"Is this warrior one of your ancestors?"
"Yes; he was in the Crusades."
"Which?"
"Oh! in all of them!"

Although every possible effort was made to secure the attendance of a few prominent professionals at the meeting of the Actors' Fund on Thursday last, only the faithful four—Colville, Minnie Malloy and Florence—appeared. There were not sufficient to a quorum. Harry Minter, who throughout the past year has devoted a great deal of time to the fund, has announced his intention of resigning from active membership. This will be a loss, as he was the most easily approached of any of the Trustees, being always on hand. Those who attended the meeting were unable to discuss pressing questions, except informally.

Our London Looking-Glass.



Shine out, fair sun, and be our looking-glass,
That we may see the drama's shadow pass.
—HUMAN ET. OF RICHARD III.

"Wanted—An Author" may be said to be a standing placard on every London theatre except where Confusion, in the Ranks and Claudian find full and delighted homes. Even on the walls of the Olympic, where Rignold thought he had answered the cry with Bartley Campbell as My Partner. Mrs. Conover, the manageress (who gives a midnight supper at the Continental Hotel this evening to a host of critics and first-nighters) of the Olympic, is credited with firing off this joke into the ears of G. R. (letters once standing for Georgius Rex.) "B. C., the author of this play, may fully know the A B C of 'playwriting,' but audiences seem D E F to his art and some G H I (Gye) him." No one in London, however, has been found bold enough to predict that Rignold will ever con over this joke to his liking.

I, however, still pin my faith to B. C. He has the three P's of success in the pod of fortune, viz.: Pluck, Patience, Plod. He constructs plots like a Frenchman, but he does not yet write staccato and bomblike dialogue such as Tom Taylor and Byron knew and Sheridan left as a legacy.

Which allusion reminds me of a clever caricature of another playwright, Arthur Pinero, which is in the current number of the organ of the music-halls, the *Entertainers*. It represents Pinero engaged in the cleansing and restoring of a Sheridan picture, while Bancroft stands by supervising and directing. This is apropos of the recent revival of *The Rivals* at the Haymarket, where the two have treated the dear old play as a cook cuts and carves a capon when about to serve it up with sauce à la Marengo, dorevelling wings and livers and legs and neck in true gravy-inspiring style. I call the version "the reformed transformed." Its proper stage should have been at the Novelty Theatre, and the Harris brothers and sister should have been the executioners. And when a "swell" theatre like the Haymarket has to fall back upon emasculation of Sheridan you can judge how true is the placard aforesaid—"Wanted—An Author."

Perhaps I should let the changes be reflected. The first scene of the original play mainly composes the first act, and into this is introduced from second scene of Act II. the Sir Lucius and Lucy meeting, and the second scene of that original is the whole second act of the discomposed play. The third act is a composite of original Acts II. and III., beginning with the Captain's lodgings with Faulkland and some Bob Acres. The other acts pass in the Bath two-rooms. Act IV. is much of old Act II. and some of Act II., and ends with the despatch of the challenge written in the Pump room! Act V. introduces a gavotte. Act VI. is short and passes in King's Mead's Fields, including the duel scene, which unfortunately turned into burlesque and made one wish for Jefferson. He makes you laugh at Bob Acres. Here the audience laughed, not at the character, but at the personal performer, Lionel Brough. "Is it not fine," asked a blue-blooded Briton of me. I was silent, remembering other "Rivals." I like Pinero for his pluck and his utter inability to understand when he is even defeated. But some day he will see Uncle John Gilbert's Sir Anthony, and then he may throw his part up like a mariner with *sea-sickness*. Then could I forget Lester's Captain! John Dyott's Faulkland and Billy Floyd's or Brougham's Sir Lucius O' "Tiger." I own, however, to forgetting all the Malaprops in the faultless performance of Mrs. Stirling, whose gracious face is on this week's page of *Under the Clock*.

I regret to say that the programme of a cheap popular theatre has not proven popular for Mr. Taylor, who took Her Majesty's and put up at low prices. The ticket-of-leave has had to take one and has closed the house. All because he had not financial bladders enough to sustain his swim. Time alone in England aids innovations. The costermonger here would rather pay sixpence for a gallery mande at a theatre where the stalls are half a guinea than set in a sixpenny pit at a theatre where the stalls may be as low as half a crown. Manager Taylor needed capital to fill up a waning treasury until cheapness had advertised itself into success.

Besides, I find that the music-halls are

growing into popularity. Call them "variety theatres" and the American can understand what they are. Indeed, to an extent, a fashionable future seems to be approaching in their direction. They are pastoral (not to say Tony Pastoral) in comparison with the heavy fog of a city character that hangs around many of the dramatic footlights.

"Come, Bob, let's go to the Pavilion," a "chappie" was heard to say at the end of Barrett's first act in Richelieu, "and hear Mrs. Weldon." "From which request I inter," said the other, "that you do not think her name applies to Barrett's attempt." I grieve to see that the public generally agree with this idea. Artistically, Mr. Barrett is a pronounced failure, but financially fearfully so. Fortunately for his peace of mind he is so constituted as not to be aware of his failures, and goes on as sturdily facing empty benches and "launching the curse of Rome" nightly as if he were an Irving, a Vezin or a Wilson Barrett. He continues, however, popular in social circles. There is much private sympathy expressed for him. This is especially apparent at Mrs. Barrett's charming receptions in Cromwell Road. Now that Irving has arrived, this returned monarch may contrive some line of retreat for L. B. which will save what prestige he brought over from the other side of the Atlantic.

Mention of receptions remind me that Mr. Freedom, who is the great friend and backer of Frank Lincoln, the recitationist, has cards out for a supper to the latter. But it's not a case of "Lincoln's in," for the handsome young kid (as I heard a dowager actress call him) has not arrived. I had thought America, in its vernacular slang, "took the cake" for hospitality, but nothing on your side seems to equal the innately hearty and cordial (though never effusive) hospitality of the Briton. It is never given patronizingly, and its best significance lies in the fact that it is so extended that it seems as if the guest were conferring the honor on the host, albeit the reverse is the case. America paragonizes the artist into being known, but England dines him into notoriety if not fame.

Lotta yesterday made a successful change of bill by producing *Nitouche*. Hervé is a present fashion. This makes the third of his works which now are running in London. I fear the little lady has not made the pecuniary success she should have made. I am convinced, from investigations, that Harry Jackson has not managed her well. For instance, she was an American actress who would return. Her London success was an item worth knowing at home. Yet on the night of her debut he took no pains whatsoever to inform the three representatives here of cable interests for newspapers of the event, nor even to send stalls. I say this not snarlingly, but regretfully, for Lotta has never played better nor more pluckily maintained herself than during the past four months at the Comique.

Fun is poking in some quarters at William Archer, the dramatic critic of the *World*, who—although not by any means a Dutton Cook, nor as often at the winning post of style as his namesake, Fred, is at the racing post and carrying off honors "by a head"—recently wrote some clever verses on Byron. Four of his lines ran thus:

"His source criticism can't part
Unhappily from him—for his hour
Was better than his pen, and these
Much better than his comedies."

Yet they are fairly antithetical and quite true, although the lines are open to the observation—"Insatiate Archer, would not pun suffice?"

"Our Looking-Glass" has already reflected the faithful pertinacity with which some performers study the realistic. Brookfield—who bids fair to be a great comedian of the future—for instance, plays David in *The Rivals*; and to qualify himself for the up-country patois of the part he spent a Sunday acquiring it from one who was native and to the manner born. And now Miss Lingard, who is to play Pauline in *Called Back*, and represent a heroine whose intellect is off hinges (so to speak) by a sudden fright, spent two days in Bethlehem Asylum (corrupted into Beth-lum or Bedlam) studying a patient who has acute melancholia and occasional hysterics—all the result of surprised fear. Miss Lingard is, you know, an exception to the ordinary cases of professionals who are eager to take certain parts which they cannot fill, for she takes the part and gets crazy over it with effort.

Fred Leslie's friends will be glad to know that he has saved the treasury of the Alhambra from being beggared by its students. He arrived at Liverpool in the morning and at night was teaching the Olendorf method on the stage. Perhaps some of his New York gags are too doubtfully understood by Londoners, but in the main he was accepted at once, and Kingston—the clever librettist whose musicals in the May *Theatre Magazine* rival the omnibus-box of Clement Scott and Reade and Byron—is delighted with the returned artist.

The Frohman agency here eased and abetted by its prime minister, Mr. Chapman, although only two months old, has already raked up the dry chips and taggots of some other Strand agents. I hear that the Frohman bureau will engage the great musical

wonder of the time—the violinist Sarasate, who plays a nocturne and E flat by Chopin in a manner that makes you believe some weird spirit is fairly using the strings as a telephonic medium from the other world. For your classical lookers in our Glass let me add as to this gifted, if not inspired, musician.

I was brought face to face almost with the Old-Time-Rocks of the British stage last week, in an introduction to an old man of ninety years, whose player spell began with his boyhood, when he saw Siddons and had Sheridan pointed out to him in the streets, and whose long-lived grandfather gave him recollections derived from a talk with his grandfather about Shakespeare's plays and as to what a wonder they were. Moreover, my ninety-year-old had not lost his interest in the drama, and when asked about the palmy days of the aforesaid entirely agreed with me that, while no one had risen to dispute rank of authorship with the two S's aforesaid, there was no such finished actor nor such perfect effects on the stage as now. For, dear brethren, let us crush the bore of a veteran who "garrules" (to invent a word about the decadence of theatricals and companies, etc.—let us crush him as we would the drowning beetle.

Irving is back to-day, and he has a modestly triumphant look. I really believe he values the good will he left behind and the good will which greets him now vastly more than the excellent bank-account which stands in his name at Coutts'. May the Looking-Glass reflect for him this sonnet, which came to my pen last night after reading Elmer Speed's Keats, and wondering how any one ever dared to write a sonnet after he had "writ his life" sonnet in "water"—although it is water flowing directly from the Pierian Spring.

TO HENRY IRVING ON HIS ARRIVAL.
Returning monarch in dramatic realms,
Britannia welcomes thee, her favored son—
Who from America new triumphs won.
(Fair sail Art's ships when thou dost grasp their helm,
Did not Britannia to her daughter lend—
The land that boasts so much derivative
From fires of Fancy that a Shakespeare fanned—
Commission thee new wealth of Art to give!
Welcome, since this Commission thou hast fulfilled
So worthily, that now thy countrymen
Eager await you rising curtain, when
Again they'll crown thee chief of this own Guild
With Island crown that thro' thee proudly sent,
Was genned anew by a great Continent.

A. OAKLEY HALL.

Professional Doings.

—The Little Duke is in rehearsal at the Casino.
—W. T. Skiff goes with W. J. Scanlan next season.
—Clara Morris' company arrived in town on Monday.
—Bertha Ricci has two sisters in the Falka company chorus.
—Henry Rockwood has been re-engaged by the Madison Square.
—F. W. Zaulig, the musical conductor, sails for Paris in July.
—John T. Malone has signed with Rhea as leading man for 1894-5.
—Blanche Vaughn has signed with Roland Reed for 1894-5.
—Godchaux costumed Well-Fed Dora. He is a partner in the venture.
—Alice Brown, late with Sol Smith Russell, has been engaged by Lotta.
—A new Opera House will be opened at Lancaster, Ohio, in September.
—Emma Abbott visits California next season under contract with two Frohmans.
—Eugene Tompkins sailed for Europe last week. He will return about August 1.
—Gus Kerber and Max Freeman have the Bijou management for next season.
—Frank Burke has been engaged for one of the Silver King companies for next season.
—Baird's Eastern and Western minstrel companies will merge at Rochester, June 2.
—Joseph Harris and George Schiller go on the road next season in a piece called *Disillusion*.
—J. H. Slavin, late of the firm of Slavin and Smith, has reached town from San Francisco.
—R. A. Little, the Little Rock (Ark.) manager, is another victim of Frank Arthur's plausibility.
—Josely closed his concert tour yesterday (Wednesday), having had a very successful season.
—H. L. Cleveland has been engaged by John Templeton as business manager for next season.
—Manager McCaul's contract with the Casino company is for one year from the present month.
—Sidney Smith will take out Ranch to next season. He is looking time and engaging a company.
—Charles Glenn replaced Herbert Kelsey in the Lady Clare company, on Monday, at the People's.
—Cyril Beryl has secured the right to May Blossom for England. He manages the Glasgow Theatre.
—W. A. Messinger has leased premises on Broadway which he intends converting into a vaudeville theatre.
—The Theatrical Attaches' Association held their first picnic at Wendell's Park on Monday afternoon and evening.
—The Trip to Atrix opens at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, on May 31, under the Frohmans' management.
—Morris Holbrook left for Baltimore on Sunday night to join Ford's Opera company for a season of ten weeks.
—Harry Saint Maur, Florence Gerard and H. B. Lonsdale will have an attraction of their own on the road next season.

—On Tuesday arrangements were made for Harry Lee, Frank Weston and Effie Ellsler to take La Belle Russe with them to California on their forthcoming trip. They will start in July and play a week in St. Paul en route.

—A. C. Hilsdorf has been engaged by the Madison Square, to play Met in Hazel Kiker. This will be his third season.

—An important letter for Kate E. Cleveland, late of the Holland Comedy company, lies in the Missions letter-box.

—James H. Clapp, the dramatic agent, lost his father on Friday last. Within the past year he also buried his mother.

—Albert Klein, master carpenter, properties or utility—late with a Lights o' London company—is open for next season.

—Ida Jeffers replaced Elsie Moore in the cast of *The Wages of Sin* on Monday night. The change strengthened the cast.

—G. Herbert Leonard and Louise Halle have been engaged for the Soldiers' Home Summer company at Dayton, Ohio.

—Sydney Cowell has been playing Rachel Booth's part in the Rag Baby. The company closed in Boston on Saturday night.

—Mattie Ferguson has been unable through illness to appear in *Blackbird* since Thursday last. Lottie Forbes is playing her part.

—John Watson will not go with Archie Gunter's D. A. M. next season. He has several offers, but is undecided which to accept.

—Gracie Wilson, who has made a hit as Simple Simon in *Madam Piper*, has been engaged for the road by W. A. Messinger.

—The Kendals declined, in a letter to Charles Frohman, received Monday, his offer to them to come to America for three years.

—Horace Vinton informs THE MIRROR that he has not as yet signed with the Lights o' London or any other company for next season.

—Topical songs still hold the public favor. Those sung nightly at the Bijou and Fifth Avenue mildly ridicule each other's performance.

—Jennie Reiffarth, having closed with John Stetson, has received several offers. It is probable she will go on the road with Madam Piper.

—Rhea opens the Los Angeles Opera House on Monday next. A telegram received here the same day stated the advance sales were \$5,500.

—Jesse Williams has closed a contract with Miles and Barton, and he will join the Orpheum and Eurydice company shortly to go to San Francisco.

—Bonnie Russell is able to get about, but it will be a long time before he can resume his professional work. He is suffering from paralysis.

—Thomas B. McDonough is suing Samuel French for royalties on *Hoty*. The amount claimed is \$12,500. The defendant's property has been attached.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Clark (Emma Whittle) have been engaged to support Joseph J. Dowling in *Nobody's Claim*. Mr. Clark will also act as a stage manager.

—It has been definitely settled that no theatre will be built upon the site of the old Windsor. The ground is to be leased for the erection of business houses.

—The British country North is likely to be overdone with amusements next season. It is being looked upon as a sort of harbor of safety during the political storm.

—Captain Alfred Thompson has secured the English right to *Madam Piper* for Alice Dunning Lingard. The cost of producing it in New York is said to be \$15,000.

—On Monday many journalists in New York received cards from Irving's agent, Bram Stoker, dated Queenstown—a compliment with a view to favors next season.

—Sedley Brown, who has just closed with the White Slave company, goes to Hempstead Heath for the Summer. Mr. Brown is negotiating with Louis Aldrich for next season.

—The Wallack's Theatre management have reduced their prices for the run of *Madam Piper*. The admission is now fifty cents. Reserved seats are fifty cents and a dollar extra.

—Cincinnati, that city of festivity, flood and riot, is reported in sore distress this week, being devastated by two Uncle Tom's Cabin combinations and a four days' siege of Wagner's music.

—The Bijou Opera House company opens in Boston on June 16, for seven weeks. They will play *Blue Bird*, *La Vie* and *Pill-Pill*. The latter is of the old Lydia Thompson repertoire.

—James J. Ruddy, the assistant treasurer of the Fifth Avenue, begins as clerk at the Jerome Park Race Course on June 1 for the Summer. Louis Zwisler, the treasurer, goes to his farm near Hopkon.

—Among the To Lets in the Bijou Opera House on the New Iron Pier at Coney Island. Restaurant privileges on the Pier are also for rent. Boats from the city touch the Pier every half hour.

—The receipts of *Lady Clare* at the Grand Opera House last week were among the largest of the season. The matinee drew nearly as much money as the Mary Anderson farewells at the same house.

—Joseph Harris is engaged for a burlesque which is to follow *The Wages of Sin* at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. Fred Eustace is now rehearsing the company. Its name has not yet transpired.

—Henry Foster, during the past season with John Stetson, has been engaged as advance agent for A. C. Gunter's D. A. M. Time is booked to April 1, 1895. A ballet will be carried with the company.

—Paul Arthur has been engaged to play Cervantes in *The Queen's Lace Handkerchief*, opening the Summer season at Knowles and Morris' Brooklyn Theatre. He played it all the season on the road.

—The prices of admission at the Star Theatre have been reduced, the Frohmans are cutting expenses. Several of the minor characters will be doubled or cut out and the choral singing dispensed with.

—The *Osbornes* replaced Elsie Moore in the cast of *The Wages of Sin* on Monday night. The change strengthened the cast.

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—Paul Arthur has been engaged to play Cervantes in *The Queen's Lace Handkerchief*, opening the Summer season at Knowles and Morris' Brooklyn Theatre. He played it all the season on the road.

—The *Osbornes* replaced Elsie Moore in the cast of *The Wages of Sin* on Monday night. The change strengthened the cast.

—G. Herbert Leonard and Louise Halle have been engaged for the Soldiers' Home Summer company at Dayton, Ohio.

—Sydney Cowell has been playing Rachel Booth's part in the Rag Baby. The company closed in Boston on Saturday night.

—Mattie Ferguson has been unable through illness to appear in *Blackbird* since Thursday last. Lottie Forbes is playing her part.

—John Watson will not go with Archie Gunter's D. A. M. next season. He has several offers, but is undecided which to accept.

—Gracie Wilson, who has made a hit as Simple Simon in *Madam Piper*, has been engaged for the road by W. A. Messinger.

—The Kendals declined, in a letter to Charles Frohman, received Monday, his offer to them to come to America for three years.

—Horace Vinton informs THE MIRROR that he has not as yet signed with the Lights o' London or any other company for next season.

—Topical songs still hold the public favor. Those sung nightly at the Bijou and Fifth Avenue mildly ridicule each other's performance.

—Jennie Reiffarth, having closed with John Stetson, has received several offers. It is probable she will go on the road with Madam Piper.

—Rhea opens the Los Angeles Opera House on Monday next. A telegram received here the same day stated the advance sales were \$5,500.

—Jesse Williams has closed a contract with Miles and Barton, and he will join the Orpheum and Eurydice company shortly to go to San Francisco.

—Bonnie Russell is able to get about, but it will be a long time before he can resume his professional work. He is suffering from paralysis.

—Thomas B. McDonough is suing Samuel French for royalties on *Hoty*. The amount claimed is \$12,500. The defendant's property has been attached.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Clark (Emma Whittle) have been engaged to support Joseph J. Dowling in *Nobody's Claim*. Mr. Clark will also act as a stage manager.

—It has been definitely settled that no theatre will be built upon the site of the old Windsor. The ground is to be leased for the erection of business houses.

—The British country North is likely to be overdone with amusements next season. It is being looked upon as a sort of harbor of safety during the political storm.

—Captain Alfred Thompson has secured the English right to *Madam Piper* for Alice Dunning Lingard. The cost of producing it in New York is said to be \$15,000.

—On Monday many journalists in New York received cards from Irving's agent, Bram Stoker, dated Queenstown—a compliment with a view to favors next season.

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RECEIVED BY U.S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

Published every Thursday at No. 11 Union Square, by
The Morning Newspaper Company, Proprietors

HARRISON GREY FISKE. Editor

Subscription.—One year, \$4; Six months, \$2.
Advertisements twenty cents per line, square mea.

For prices and terms of sale, write to: The International News Company, 25 Boulevard des Capucines, 1st Floor, St. Martin, Paris, France; P. A. Brockhaus, Leningrad; or Leopold Treves, 100, F. A. Brockhaus, 4-7, Flankengasse, Wien 1 (Vienna), Austria, where *The Mirror* is on sale every week.

This Mixture is supplied to the trade by all New Companies.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR,
Station D, New York P. O.

Entered at the New York Post Office as mail matter of the Second Class.

NEW YORK, . . . MAY 24, 1954.

[illegible]

will run four weeks, giving Mr. Paulding
rest of ten days before joining Margie
Mather for the next regular season.

The Usher.



Madame Usher. The actress who played the part of the Usher in the play 'The Usher' at the New York Theatre.

Harry Lee is scurrying around to get a book, so that he can meet his note for the purchase of *Le Chevalier de la Molière* from A. M. Palmer. It falls due on Friday, but the usual three days' grace extends Lee's time until next week. He wants to secure the play, because he believes the leading part will fit him like a glove, and it would enable him to gratify sundry stellar aspirations. If Lee defaults in the payment of the note, the Frohmans will snap up *Le Chevalier* for Mantell.

Elliott Barnes is neither a polished nor a witty writer, but there is one line in his *Blue and the Grey* that evokes roars of laughter. An aged Louisiana darkey is asking a Dutch sergeant about the North. "Massa, I spees you's fm New York!" queries the African. The Dutchman is highly offended, and he replies with indignation: "Tunder und Blitzen! Does you dake me for an Irishman?" There were crowds of political feelers—a peculiar element in the Niblo gatherings—above in the gallery and at the back of the parquet, and they yelled at this somewhat pointed retort.

Many actors, actresses and managers keep accounts at the Second National, and during the run on that bank last week there were several professionals among the crowd that clamored at the teller's window. "One actress of my acquaintance drew out her money—and then she was in a quandary to know what to do with it. She couldn't carry it safely around with her; she didn't dare leave it at home for fear the house might burn down during her absence. Probably for the first time in her life she knew what it was to have an embarrassment of riches. Finally, a happy thought came to the rescue. She hired a safe deposit box, and her booty is now beyond the reach of panics and dishonest bank officials deep down in an underground vault. But she isn't quite sure that burglars may not crack the crib, so her anxiety has not altogether disappeared.

Speaking of panics, by the way, brings to mind the absurd stories current concerning the losses of the Casino by the Marine Bank failure. Fortunately the amount on deposit there was small, and in no way is the Casino crippled by the lamentable condition of Fish's financial aquarium. With Colonel McCaull it is different. He lost a heavy sum, and from present indications it does not appear that he will recover any portion of his account.

"Irving's Impressions of America," the title of the new book, is a misnomer. It should have been called "Hutton's Impressions of Irving," for that is what it amounts to. The volume is made up for the most part of laudatory newspaper clippings, skimming *ad nauseam* of the English actors' everyday life, and the flatterer eulogiums of a hired today. It possesses no value except, perhaps, as an advertising scheme, and even for this purpose it is too fulsome. The American people don't care a jot what Irving thinks of them or their country. He is not a man like Lord Coleridge, whose opinions of us are entitled to respect. He came among us to act, and he went away with a good sum of our money. That should have satisfied him. But he must needs set forth his gratitude for the financial success of this exploit in 475 pages of mushy flattery, and employ an alleged "editor" to put his drivel into shape for publication. Were Irving capable of writing an honest book himself, and had he stayed among us long enough to make thorough observations, it is possible that he might have produced something at least worthy of perusal. But the reader of Hutton's "Impressions" lays down the volume, filled with disgust after wading through the mass of insipid, nauseating sycophancy in which it is composed.

The book will certainly fall in the object of carrying favor with our people. We may rebel when we are unjustly assailed, but we cannot stomach such slavish as Irving feels us on. I do not imagine his London friends will be much better pleased than we with the nauseating twaddle of their theatrical idol. How

will they relish this remark, made by Irving to his toady Impressionist, in a conversation respecting the recent Texas tragedy, whereby the two desperados, Thompson and Fisher, were sent to kingdom come? "Thompson was an Englishman, you see, which verifies to some extent what I have often been told, that England has to answer for a full share of the ruffianly element of the States. The mining regions of California at one time were crowded with English adventurers." Faugh! Macready, although his reminiscences were specimens of monumental egotism, never indulged in such the not as this. But, then, Macready was an actor of great ability and he stood in no need of advertising aid from his publication. Of literary merit the Irving-Hutton panegyric is absolutely devoid. A tipenny space reporter on a downtown newspaper could not have produced a worse composition.

There was a good thing said in Boston, a few evenings ago, by Earl Marble, who was dining in a pleasant company, and who, when asked why he dated the action of his opera of *Lee-Nan* two hundred and fifty years back, replied: "Well, I have observed that the average actor not only will indulge his individual gag, but generally a great many of them, especially in comic opera; and I have looked over the ground carefully, and, among other things, studied Wendell Phillips' 'Lost Arts,' and concluded that on the average the jokes introduced are between two and three hundred years old; so to keep everything in character, and not have the interpolations seem like misfits, I chose the era that seemed best fitted for their reception." And the bottle of wine was ordered immediately—not at Mr. Marble's expense.

In the current number of the London *Theatre*, Clement Scott's admirable theatrical magazine, I note the following compliment to a writer who is contributing every week to the pleasure of our readers: "Mr. Oakley Hall, the well-known American writer, is a constant attendant at our theatres, and is contributing a capital series of articles to the *New York Mirror*, chatty, conversational and witty, without a snarl in them. Why don't some of our would-be facetious writers study this art? How much more pleasant it must be to amuse than to wound." The writer might have asked another question—Why don't somebody start an English theatrical paper that will be neither scurrilous nor stupid, but will strike a happy mean, as THE *MIRROR* has done with most successful results in this country?

A weekly paper accuses Joseph Howard, Jr., of bragging about his yearly earnings. Now, the word "brag" implies mendacity. Howard may be a boaster, but he is certainly not a liar. He makes more money with his pen every twelvemonth than any other journalist in this country, and I do not believe the statement can be successfully disputed. However, the weekly paper alluded to insinuates that Howard's income is grossly misrepresented by that gentleman. I have a simple plan to propose that will put all doubts on this point to an end. Let the writer who charges Howard with bragging raise \$500 by some means or other, and deposit the amount with the President of the Press Club, or some equally responsible person. I'll guarantee that Howard himself will cover the sum. If at the end of the year Howard's earnings fall short of \$500, his money will go to the treasury of the Club; but if, on the other hand, they reach that figure Howard's detractor will forfeit his—or his friend's—five hundred to the same organization. When questions of money are in dispute the best way to settle them is on a money basis. Unless the writer for the weekly paper is ready to back up his assertions—which, if true, can be easily established—he had better acknowledge that he lied in calling Howard a braggart.

Ruffed Professional Plumes.

Eleanor Carey and Shook and Collier have had a falling out. It will be remembered that Miss Carey created the leading part, *Dora*, in *Separation*, at the Union Square. Her performance pleased the press, the public and Bartley Campbell, the author. She played during the entire run at the Square, and afterward continued to act the character with the company in other cities. On Friday Miss Carey came to town, was closeted with Manager Collier for an hour, at the end of which time she had thrown up her engagement for next season.

Miss Carey's version of the matter is best related in her own words: "I was understood that I should open as *Dora* with the regular Union Square company at Chicago next August. A few days ago I heard that Sara Jewett was engaged to take my place. Of course I hurried to the city and sought Mr. Collier. He was extremely courteous, but as firm as a rock. He said I could play in the *Separation* Company No. 2, beginning in September. I didn't relish the proposition. It struck me as unprofessional that I should be asked to give up the part I had created to another actress, lose several weeks' salary, and then be relegated to an inferior organization. So I told Mr. Collier flatly that I wouldn't even think of acceding to his request. He declined to make any other provision, so I resigned there and then. Oh! no, there was no quarrel. We parted amicably, but I feel that after serving the Union Square

management faithfully, I have met with a poor return. There are, however, plenty of engagements to be had, and I expect to procure one before long."

Since the above statements were made Miss Carey has signed with Harry Miner to play *Nellie Denver* in *The Silver King*—the company of which Frederick de Belleville will be a member.

Amberg and the Thalia.

The Thalia manager leaves for England by the Oregon on Saturday. A *Mirror* reporter chancing to meet him yesterday, put the question: "Is it true, Mr. Amberg, that you intend disposing of the whole or part of your interest in the Thalia Theatre?"

"Not at all. A rumor was spread that I wished to do so, and I was immediately flooded with offers. Charles Mendum, Colonel Haverly, Harry Miner, Frederick Berger, Gus Pitou, James Collier and John A. Stevens were among the most prominent. Some of them made me very good offers, but I will not part with the house except on my own terms. I am now going to Europe to secure artists and purchase plays and operas. You may mention that Harry Miner was the highest bidder. He desired to control all the theatres on the Bowery. I will not even let the house during my absence."

"You have lost Geisteringer?"

"Yes. She was a very strong attraction, but an expensive one as well. She intends to retire from the stage. I will engage a well-known prima donna and actress to take her place."

"You will still run a stock company?"

"Yes. Most of my late company return to me. Seven of them left for Europe on Saturday to visit their homes, while the remainder stay here for the Summer. I shall follow the same policy as in the past, giving dramas, comedies and operas. I know where to secure them without paying all my profits for the rights and in royalties."

The Wages, Etc.

"To many people 'The Wages of Sin is death,'" said Manager Overton, jocosely; "but to us it proves the reverse. Why, the first week, despite the prophecy of some that melodrama is played out, we took in over \$5,000."

"How long will you present it here?"

"Until June 7. Then we will take it off the boards until the beginning of the regular road season. Our business has become so extensive that we have taken offices in West Fourteenth street. The Hoop of Gold goes on the road early in September. We purpose sending out at least two Wages of Sin companies—possibly three. Mr. Maubury, Miss Cliefden and myself will go with the No. 1 company. We have ordered nearly \$12,000 worth of printing from the Strobinger Company. I am glad that Frank Harvey's play succeeded so well. I have seen many of his plays, and I think he is one of the best, as he is one of the oldest, writers of good English melodrama."

Two Theatres to Close.

The sudden spell of hot weather may have been the cause of the announcement that two theatres would close their doors on Saturday night; but many people think that small receipts have much to do with the decision of the managers. With Duff's company, in *A Night in Venice*, at Daly's, business lately has been poor; but the management state that in a week or so the company will open in Chicago. Several of the artists announce that their contracts close on Saturday night.

The recent reduction of prices at the Star resulted from falling off in attendance, and the Messrs. Frohman state that since the change better business has been the rule. It is now announced that the Pulse will be withdrawn on Saturday night and the theatre closed. Mr. MacGeachy, of the Frohman staff, told a reporter yesterday that the piece will be put on the road in about three weeks.

The theatres at present closed are The Thalia, Cosmopolitan, New Park and Union Square. The Bijou closes on June 14.

Browne in the Land of Ginger.

About three months ago Edwin Browne left New York for Jamaica, W. I., with a concert company for a brief tour. He returned on Thursday last, and has imparted to a *Mirror* man the results of his trip.

"I have been absent," said he, "nearly fourteen weeks, and am very well pleased with my success. I played in all about nine weeks. I had only five people. I played at Cologne, Panama—which is wrongly called Aspinwall by us—for three weeks. Then Kingston will stand about the same. The remainder I divided among the various towns on the Island. Return visits may also be paid."

"What was the nature of the entertainments you gave?"

"I gave a mixed programme. Vocal selections, piano recitals and ballads, and I myself delivered recitations and imitations, generally winding up with a short comedieta, such as *The Happy Pair*, *A Morning Call*, *Stage-Struck*, *Briar-Brace*, etc. We received flattering press notices at every stand. You may gather my idea of Jamaica and the West Indies when I say that I leave New York again on another trip in a few days, or as soon as my company is ready."

"Will you take another concert company?"

"Not exactly. I am engaging more of a specialty company, say about nine people, who can take part in musical comedies. I have several selected, and can change the bill often. All travel down there is by stage-coach. For each person the cost of transportation over the Island amounts to about \$40. For people travelling alone it would be more."

"Did you find living expensive?"

"No. It costs about \$12 a week each for the best that can be had."

"And the prices of admission?"

"Seventy-five cents and a dollar each, according to location of seats."

"Did you find many rivals?"

"No. The entertainments of the whole Island are generally given through James Gail, a local manager, who is a good one. He thoroughly understands every point, and I make all my advance arrangements through him. There are many openings for small companies there, but they must present a good attraction in a first-class manner, and be satisfied with fair profits."

Madam Piper's Movements.

"We are desirous of keeping on Madam Piper at Wallack's for seven weeks, the original time fixed for its metropolitan run," said Manager Falk in reply to a question. "We have introduced the popular-price system at this theatre, and give two matinees a week, with half-prices for children."

"Where do you take it after the New York engagement?"

"To Boston, opening Sept. 1, where we will play for a long season. After that Chicago and all the large cities."

"Will your company be the same as it is here?"

"Yes. Just as perfect a representation will be given. The houses are keeping up. A large attendance of children is noticeable."

Brooks and Dickson's Plans.

Brooks and Dickson's Extravaganza and Burlesque company is soon to be organized. Mr. Brooks said: "We have already secured a very good piece, called *Bluff*. It is rather a peculiar title, but I think it will be a great go from present appearances. Jewett and Gill are now putting the finishing touches to it. We have many people in negotiation about it, but as yet have not concluded any contracts. As there is likely to be considerable competition for clever people, I do not care to mention names. We have made our dates, and will be in the field early next season."

"Will you produce *La Chatterbox*?"

"Yes, and are now preparing for it. Most probably Mrs. D. P. Bowers will appear in the leading part."

"How is the agency branch doing?"

"We find our services much sought after."

A Persevering Woman.

"Miss Welby's third starring season lasted thirty-five weeks," said Manager D'Arcy, in conversation with a *Mirror* reporter. "I have already booked twenty-five weeks for next season. The next tour will open Sept. 1, and will be longer. We contemplate an Australian trip. Miss Welby will make her first appearance in San Francisco early in 1885. Then we will play Montana Territory, returning to Chicago, where we will close in May, 1885, and rest two weeks. The company will be reorganized for Australia."

"Any change in her repertoire?"

"It will be nearly all new to her. She intends to carry about six plays. She will retain *Oliver Twist* and add *Frou-Frou*, *Camille*, *The Goldsmith's Wife* and two others."

"Did you not purchase the right of *Nana Sahib*?"

"I translated and adapted it, and secured rights for my own work; but any one else may do the same. Miss Welby will not play in Jean Richepin's play, however. It is spectacular principally, and as she is an emotional actress she does not think the part suitable."

"How did you find business the past season?"

"In Michigan and Texas it was very good. In some portions of the country it was excellent, in others disastrous. That's a frank statement, is it not? Next season I will keep South until after the elections."

Some Lucky Thirteens.

"We have been on the road since August 13, and the season will have lasted forty-three weeks, even if not extended," said Charles E. Callahan, Lizzie Evans' manager, to a *Mirror* reporter in the lobby of Tony Pastor's Theatre. "We travelled through the West and South, paying every large city, and crossing Texas twice. We also toured Canada, playing several return dates."

"I fall to believe in the bad fortune of the figure 13, for our company consisted of thirteen persons, began operations on the 13th of the month, and our first metropolitan engagement in Cincinnati consisted of thirteen performances—five matinees and eight nights—and was a great success. Our season has not been prodigiously successful, but, like *Mercutio's* wound, it will do. The press everywhere has treated us with uniform kindness, and generally Miss Evans has received praise of the very highest order. She has never, that I have seen, been the recipient of an adverse notice. We have made money—not a fortune, but some. Our booking next season will embrace all of the principal cities East and West. So

far we have only played Washington and Baltimore in the East, and have done well in both. I am rather converted over my little star, but of her you must form your own judgment."

Mr. Mansfield's Departure.

Leonard Outram was a member of the company that played *A Parisian Romance* and had Richard Mansfield for star, early in the season. Mr. Outram and Mr. Mansfield fell out a short time before the combination broke up and disbanded, and after a pugilistic encounter, the cause of which was detailed in *The Mirror* at the time, the former received his dismissal.

"I was owed three weeks' salary and my railroad fare from St. Louis to New York," said Mr. Outram yesterday. "I made a demand on Mansfield, but he replied through his lawyers that he was not responsible for the debt. I found afterward that he was responsible, for Robertson, the manager, had sold out his interest in the concern."

"Last Friday I got out an order for Mansfield's arrest, on the ground of non-payment and alleged fraud. The matter was kept shady, but somehow or other our bird got wind of the danger and winged his flight southward to Boston, where he took passage by the *Seneca* and sailed for England on Saturday. I do not, of course, know that the flight was made in order to avoid arrest, but there does not appear to be any other reason for taking his departure suddenly and on a slow Boston steamer."

"My claim won't be outlawed for twenty years. If Mansfield doesn't return next Fall he is likely to come time during this period, and if I'm on the same side of the earth I'll have my claim settled, for I'm convinced I was treated shabbily by him."

The Aschbach-Warweg Imbroglio.

Minnie Hank and company are hard at work on *Made in France* in the parlance. Mrs. Hank feels concert tours more profitable than grand opera. Her manager is an impulsive gentleman by the name of Warweg. The manager of the Eastern Pennsylvania May Music Festival was an equally impulsive gentleman named Aschbach. The latter evidently did not understand the professional pride of artists who appear in grand concert, for he insisted on placing the *Saturday Evening* in the orchestra pit, among the vulgar *clowns* and *hore-blowers*. This occurred during the performance at Bethlehem, Pa., last Thursday night. Titus d'Ernesti, the pianist, was deeply wounded at this unintentional insult, and refused to play. He said: "I am an artist, and will not play in the orchestra pit." Mr. Aschbach told Manager Warweg that d'Ernesti must play or he could not have his money. On the spur of the moment Mr. Warweg found out, Mr. Aschbach says, that d'Ernesti was sick and could not play, though a moment before he had been out discussing the matter and smoking a cigarette.

Then came a note from Mrs. Hank, demanding her money and threatening to leave for her hotel unless it was paid at once. Mr. Aschbach had to submit or displease the large audience, which was already very impatient at the long delay. Warweg got his money and the performance went on, leaving out the "Interlude of d'Ernesti and the orchestral accompaniment." Mr. Aschbach says that he did not wish to mar the artistic pleasure of the audience, or he would have insisted on his rights under his contract, and demanded that d'Ernesti should play or that the management should give up a part of the receipts. He would have submitted the facts to the audience and abided by its decision in the matter.

Mr. Warweg's version of the trouble is as follows: "The performance at the open house was witnessed by such a large, elegant and enthusiastic audience that the brehmen of the entertainment deserve some explanation. I refer to the long delays at the beginning of the opera and before the production of *Truatore*. It is an old, undisputed theatrical law that the accessories for the entertainment are to be furnished by the local manager. In this case I sent the entire list to Mr. Aschbach. Arriving at the theatre the artists found, to their great surprise, that the most essential stage articles, without which the performance of Faust was utterly impossible, were missing. It was found out that Mr. Aschbach had them erased from my list without any authority whatever. In order to make the performance possible I, of course, insisted upon getting them. They were finally furnished, but not without causing a half hour's delay and disappointing a public which has shown to Mr. Aschbach so much consideration and support. The second delay was caused by Mr. Aschbach's insisting upon having our Steinway grand piano placed in the orchestra. On being informed that Mr. d'Ernesti would not play a solo under these disadvantages he assured me he would arrange it with Mr. d'Ernesti himself, assuming the entire responsibility. Later on he declared to Mr. Pratt that he did not care for the piano solo, and that he preferred to have it omitted. What was anticipated arrived. Mr. d'Ernesti declined to play, and Mr. Aschbach considered this sufficient cause to decline payment. As the money for the performance was to be paid during the same, the artists declined to continue until their share was paid by Mr. Aschbach, which he ultimately handed over, but not without insulting me."

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

[illegible]

I happened to spend some months of my year in Venice, and it need hardly be said that I did not go away without passing one evening at least at a Venetian theatre. But my year was not made until I fondly fancied that I had acquired some command of the Italian tongue; I could point to Italian grammars which had often patiently thumbed, and occasionally impatiently apostrophized; I could repeat by heart, or rather by rote, into the stores, words of a person Roberto of a *café* A. I have passed wearisomely as example warning I could give orders for *caffè* Martignola, the "governatore" of our hotel; I had on more than one occasion called for an impromptu meal of hot substitutes, whipped cream, at some shop in the Calle della Pizze, and I had learned in the *Wald* what enough in a sermon of which I might not comprehend all the sense and a half portion of the force. I had a speaking acquaintance with a supercilious valet of a comfortable, a most singular of *Comte*, the *Kaiser* Schatz, and I had passed some evenings in the Venetian *casas*, my model pen in rather one-sided conversations with *band* gentlemen. There were Italians to whom I could barge enough to declare that spoke *freely* at *loggia* *freedom* and though I had my suspicions of *barbarism*, in the statement, of truth politeness, the compliment was not altogether displeasing to my British ears.

It was then with some confidence—not say *calm*—concerning my powers as a linguist, that I consented one evening to join an English party about 10 theatre. "Let us go to the *Marionettieri*."

12 Union Square, New York.
The choicest refreshments always on hand.
ALSO NOTARY PUBLIC.

The Sans Souci Opening

Mrs. Langtry Es Tox

At the Web

Miscellaneous

BALTIMORE, May 19.—Dead Heart received to-night with great enthusiasm. Curtain up three times after Bastille act, and recalls after every other act. JAMES A. DEWITT.

Pay Templeton's Season

Palmer's Plans.

Emma Abbott's Season.

Miss Abbott does not sing in New York next season. Her engagements here have always proved disastrous, both financially and artistically.

Show and Its Value.

Professional Doings

Letters to the Editor

LITTLE RICHARD, AKA, March 1968
Mr. TOLAN, Business Manager McGuffey's Opera Com-
pany will please pay Mr. R. A. Little, Manager
Opera House, the sum of Ten Dollars borrowed by
him for the service of the company.

